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gentleman is dead, now, but Mabelle is married and lives in Boston, and every summer she comes down to the Island and brings her little boy, and when the afternoons are pleasant you can see them sittin' here in the graveyard on this very seat. She tells him over and over what I've been tellin' you, and he never gets tired of listenin'.

"Always, when she's done, he says:

"So that's why you named me Jock, mamma?"

"But bless me! there's the bell, ma'am. How I've been runnin' on! But you'll excuse an old woman whose life is mostly in the past."

—Mary A. P. Stansbury.

KNICKERBOCKER DAYS.

THE present city of New York, with its vast gathering of people from the four quarters of the globe, is so unlike the staid, pastoral, and withal warlike days of the city of Nieuw Amsterdam, which once stood "where nowadays the Battery lies," that it requires a considerable effort of the imagination to take one to the year of grace 1661, or thereabouts, and place him among the quaint people so characteristically portrayed by Mr. Gault in his "Knickerbocker Days." For a long time the Dutch claimed Manhattan Island as their own, and they founded a city upon its southern end, building a wall around it, and erecting forts to keep off the Yankees, the English, and the Indians, who were alike regarded as common enemies. Mr. Stedman, in his "Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call," has admirably described the life and times of that era in poetical numbers:

"Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down,
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumauks, and other vermin."

The scene depicted by the artist is one of quiet and primitive simplicity, almost Arcadian in its surroundings. The rough, but substantial and comfortable wooden house, with its piazza for lounging and smoking, is surrounded by the primeval trees of the yet almost unbroken forests of the New World, overlooking the lordly river discovered by Hendrick Hudson. This mansion may have stood as far away in the country as the Bouwery, or Beeckman's Wold, or the farm made famous by Peter Stuyvesant and his long-lived pear tree. The three Dutch governors of Nieuw Amsterdam, as written about by Washington Irving in his "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty," may be chatting together in the group in front of the porch, as seen in the picture. These governors, according to Diedrich Knickerbocker, indulged in "unutterable ponderings," and were named "Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong."

"These burghers grave and stately,
With schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately."

There was a time when the family mansions on Wall Street were noted for the size and beauty of their gardens, and a gentleman who lived at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets had the finest grapery in the city! In that day the fashionable promenade extended from old Trinity Church to the Battery, and the "Breukelin ferrymen" were a jolly band of men, who pulled at the oars. Mr. Stedman has described in verse the habits of the Knickerbockers:

"At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;
In hose and breeches walked the day,
And smoked and wagged their heads.
In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped,
And deftly spun and swept."

Taking a look inside one of these Knickerbocker mansions, the poet exclaims:

"That ancient room! I see it now:
The carven nutwood dresser;
The drawers that many a burgher's vrow
Begrudged their rich possessor;

The brace of high-backed leathern chairs,
Brass-nailed at every seam;
Six others ranged in equal pairs;
The bacon hung abeam;
The chimney-front with porcelain shelft;
The hearty wooden fire;
The picture, on the steaming delft,
Of David and Goliath."

The Knickerbocker days of New York have passed away, but their memory will remain fragrant and green so long as we preserve such names as Stuyvesant Square, Pavonia, Navesink, Communipaw, Wee-hawk, Hoboken, Bronx, Katts Kill, St. Nicholas, Haerlem, and many others. If, as Miss Mary L. Booth says, "the influence of the Dutch has gone



"A watching, as in childhood, for the flowers that one by one
Open their golden petals to woo the fitful sun."

with the old tiles around the fire-place," a glamor of romance still hangs about the early days of New York, which is echoed from the shores of Jersey, where, in many places, the language of Holland is yet retained.

AN OLD-TIME SEA-FIGHT.

THE history of the United States navy is one of which every American may be proud. From the first conflict, to the last, with which it has been engaged with enemies, its success and prowess have been remarkable. Surveying the whole field, from the first warlike maritime expedition attempted by the American colonists, when Captain Argal, of Virginia, in 1613, entered the Bay of New York with a fleet of three vessels to demand possession of the territory from the "pretended Dutch Governor," to Farragut, lashed to the mast of his flag-ship at Mobile, there is much which is brilliant, grand and thrilling to remember. When James Fenimore Cooper finished his "History of the Navy of the United States of America," in 1846, he wrote these prophetic words: "Divine Providence controls all for

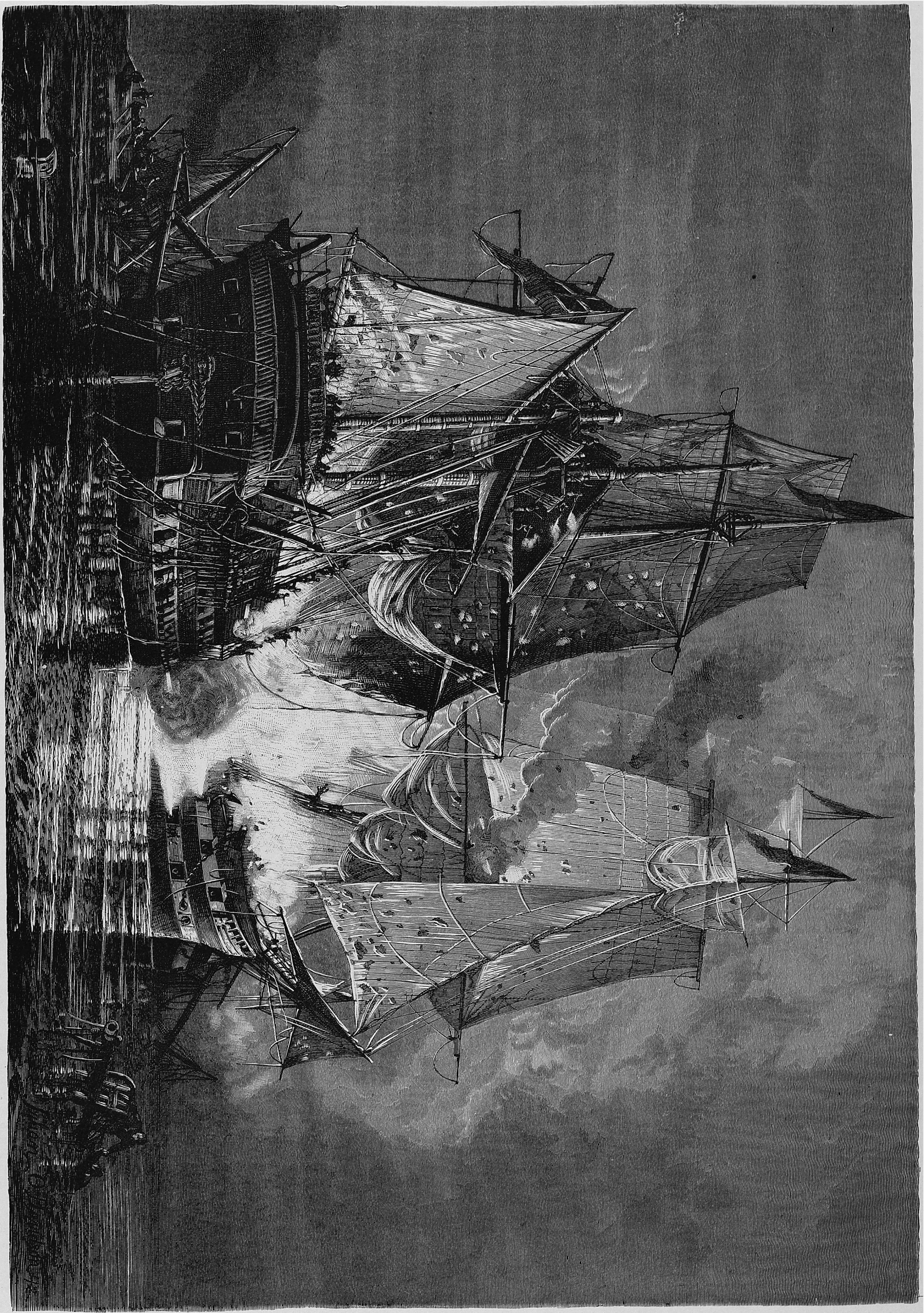
its own great ends; but, should its laws work as they have done for the last half-century, the historian of the American navy who shall sit down to his labors in the year 1900, will have a task before him very different from that which has fallen to our share." Not even Mr. Cooper could have anticipated the great changes and events which occurred in less than twenty years afterward—naval conflicts which astonished the world, and a revolution in naval architecture which all Europe hastened to adopt.

In his spirited and beautifully drawn full-page picture, Mr. Julian O. Davidson, who has made a study of ships and marine views in all parts of the world, shows us with great vividness a desperate naval conflict of the period of the American Revolution. A sea-fight in those early days was frequently a hand-to-hand conflict; the sides of the vessels actually came in contact with each other, and boarding-parties stood ready to fall upon the hapless crew which should give the first opportunity for so doing. A battle of this kind would rage for hours, days and

nights even, and a vast amount of dreadful and bloody work would be accomplished, requiring far more physical courage and endurance than is expected of men at the present day. Nowadays two iron-clads, or monitors, will throw great shots at each other miles away; and if any one is killed, the result is either accidental, or it is scientifically accomplished, thus robbing it of that personal bravery characteristic of other days.

In Mr. Davidson's picture, the conflict, which has been a hot one, is at its height. The smaller vessel has run across the bows of the larger, and the fire from it has been so severe, most of the men on the English man-of-war have crowded the upper deck, or clambered up into the rigging. The tops of two of the masts have been shot away, and fallen overboard, and the water is strewn with the debris of the battle, to which half-drowned sailors are clinging. The sails are riddled with grape and canister shots, yet the fight goes bravely on, for neither ship has struck its colors. Those who recollect that in 1779 the King of France and Dr. Franklin, the American Minister, put into commission quite a little fleet of war-ships, with Captain Paul Jones as commander-in-chief, will also remember that soon after this was done, the *Bon Homme Richard*, in charge of Commodore Jones, had a terrible conflict in September of that year with the English ship *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, off Flamborough Head and Scarborough. The *Bon Homme Richard* was equal to a 32-gun frigate, while the *Serapis* carried 44 guns. Commodore Jones did not hesitate to attack the English ship, and the battle commenced at half-

past seven in the evening, and raged for several hours, or until the English ship hauled down its colors. At the first discharge of the *Richard's* 18-pound guns, two of the six burst, and the rest were abandoned. The American ship soon after ran ahead of the bows of her antagonist, and Paul Jones lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. A spare anchor of the English ship was hooked into the quarter of the American. The *Serapis* caused the main deck guns of the *Richard* to be abandoned. The fight was continued on the upper deck and fore-castle by the use of muskets and grenades. After a short contest the Americans cleared the quarter-deck of the *Serapis*, driving the men below. They threw grenades into the *Serapis*, causing an awful explosion, killing twenty men and wounding thirty-eight. Both ships were frequently on fire. Finally, about an hour after the explosion, Captain Pearson hauled down the colors of the *Serapis* and surrendered to Paul Jones. The total loss of the *Richard* in this remarkable battle was about one hundred and thirty-two, while the *Serapis* lost one hundred and seventeen, besides some killed and wounded whose names could not be discovered.



AN OLD-TIME SEA-FIGHT.—J. O. DAVIDSON.